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THE  
WATER-CORMORANT  
HIS COMPLAINT:

Against a Brood of Land-Cormorants.

*Divided into fourteene Satyres.*

By JOHN TAYLOR.



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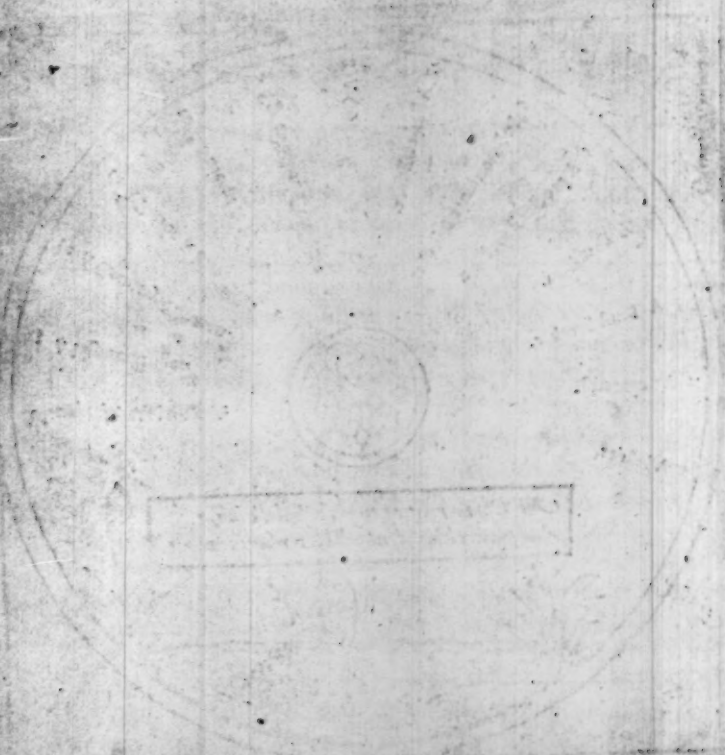
WATERBURY CONNECTICUT

1862


APRIL 10

1862

JOHN T. BROWN



To Gentlemen, and those that  
are gentle.



*S*ubiect's may seeme scarce, or Printers  
lacke worke, when a Cormorant flies  
into the Presse, yet Cormorants oppresse  
and therefore worthy to be prest; but  
my Cormorant hath neither dipt his  
tongue in oile to smooth the faults of  
the vicious, nor stop'd his mouth to  
conceale the merits of the vertuous: I haue thought good  
to sympathize a subiect fit for the time, and I haue done  
my best to handle it in a sutable straine.

The Cormorant is not easily induced to affability, nor I  
to flattery.

His best seruice is harsh and vsociable, so is my style.  
His biting is sharpe and piercing, so is my phrase. His  
throat is wide and spacious, my subiect is spacious. His co-  
lour is blacke, I disconer deeds of darknesse. He grubs and  
spuddles for his prey in muddy holes and obscure cauerns,  
my Muse ferrits base debauched wretches in their swinish  
dens. He like the Crocodile moues the upper chap, this  
Treatise condemnes that beasts dissimulation. He swallows  
downe his meate without taste, this booke distastes such as  
sinne without touch of conscience.

The ods is, my Cormorants appetite is limited, but most  
of theirs is insatiable.

## To the Reader.

I ayme not at such mens slips as may fall by infirmity, for that were like Elops crab, to offer to teach others to goe right, going crooked my selfe.

Detraction is a priuate wounding of a mans name, and flattery a deuourer of men aliue. If I can sayle betwixt these two, and not be split, I shall ariue at my desired port.

In my passage I shall haue Polipheme casting Rockes to sincke me, Criticks misconstruing my words, like spiders sucking poyson out of wholesome flowers.

But from these Antipodes to goodnesse, by their Antithesis to nature, I appeale to my conscience which is a witnesse to me that can neither accuse or condemne me.

I ayme at none but such as deuoure others, and yet make shift to keepe themselves out of the reach of law, I name none personally, and therefore wish the faulty to amend with silence rather then by rubbing of a spot to make a hole in the whole cloath, for I leaue gleanings enough to make a second part if need require. Such stomacks as cannot digest this dish, let me rather be to them a choake peare then a Gudgeon.

There is no degree of man or woman, whatsoeuer; from the Court to the Cottage, or from the Pallace to the Plough, but may make good vse of this Poem, either for merry recreation, or vices defamation: and in a word, if it please the iudicious, or be any way profitable to the confirming of the good, or reforming the bad, I haue then my full recompence, with the effect of my intentions and wishes.

John Taylor.



## A brood of CORMORANTS.

### *A Jesuite.*

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*King-killing monsters, out of Heavens mouth spew'd,  
Caters, and Butchers vnto Rome and Hell:  
The bane of youth and age, in bloud imbrew'd:  
Perditions gulf, where all soule Treasons dwell.  
Land, lines, and soules under the sawing stile  
Of Iesus, they deuour, confound, beguile.*

IN setting downe this sect of blood compact,  
Me thinkes I see a tragicke Sceane in act:  
The Stage all hang'd with the sad death of Kings,  
From whose bewailing story sorrow springs;  
The Actors dipt in cruelty and blood,  
Yet make bad deeds passe in the name of good.  
And kindling new commotions, they conspire  
With their hot Zeale to set whole Realmes on fire;  
As twas apparent when they did combine,  
Against vs, in their satall powder Mine.  
All hell for that blacke treason was plow'd vp,  
And mischief dranke deepe of damnations cup:  
The whole vast Ocean sea, no harbour grants  
To such deuouring greedy Cormorants,  
In the wide gulf of their abhor'd designs  
Are thoughts that find no roome in honest minds.  
And now I speake of Rome euen in her sea,  
The *Jesuits* the dang'rous whirlepooles be,  
Religions are made waues, that rise and fall  
Before the wind or breath *Pontifical*.  
The Pope sends stormes forth, seuers or combines,  
According to his mood it raines or shines,

And

*A brood of Cormorants.*

And who is ready to put all his will  
In execution, but the *Iesuit* still.  
Nor hath this *Cormorant* long tane degree,  
For *Efacus* more ancient is then he :  
Yeares thousands since *Troyes* sonne he was created,  
And from a man but to bird translated,  
VWhereas the *Iesuit* deriues descent  
But from *Ignatius Loyola*, that went  
For a maim'd Spanish souldier, but herein  
The difference rises, which hath euer bin :  
From *man* to *bird*, one's changed shape began,  
The other to a *dinell* from a *man*.  
Yet herein these wide maw'd *Efacians*,  
May well agree with these *Ignatians*,  
First black's the coulour of the greedy *Fowle*,  
And black's the *Iesuits* habite like his soule,  
The bird is leane though oft he be full craw'd,  
The *Iesuit's* hatcher fac'd, and wattle iaw'd,  
The *Cormorant* (as nature best befits)  
Still without chewing doth deuoure whole bits,  
So *Iesuits* swallow many a lordly liuing,  
All at a gulp without grace or thanksgiuing.  
The birds throat (gaping) without intermission,  
Resembles their most cruell inquisition,  
From neither is, *non est redemptio*,  
For what into the Corm'rants throat doth goe,  
Or *Iesuits* *Barrathrum* doth once retaine,  
It ne're returnes fit for good vie againe.  
Eighty yeares since he stole the *Epethite*  
From *Iesus*, to be cal'd a *Iesuite*,  
But I could find him out a style more right,  
From *Judas* to be nam'd *Iscariotise*.  
Though *Paul* the third their title did approue,  
Yet he confin'd their number, that about

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Threescore they should not be, and yet we see  
How much encreased now the Vipers be,  
That many a thousand Christian lies and grones  
Vnder the slau'ry of these diuellish drones.  
And he that knowes but truly what they are,  
Will iudge a *Cormorant's* their better farre.

*A Separatist.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Here earth and hell haue made a false commixion,  
Of painted zeale, and holinesse, and loue:  
Of Faith, of Hope, of Charitie (in fiction)  
In smoke and shadowes, as the fruits doe proue,  
Hypocrisie, which long pray'rs doth repeate,  
Denoureth Widowes, and poore Orphans cheate.*

NOW enters next, to play his Oylie part  
A Saint in tongue, but a rough diuell in heart:  
One that so smoothly swallowes his prey downe,  
Without wrath shewne, or any seeming frowne.  
You'd thinke him when he does it, in a Psalme,  
Or at his prayers, hee's so milde and calme:  
No noyse, no trouble to his conscience cries,  
For he deuours his prey with heau'd vp eyes.  
Stands most demurely swallowing downe his bit,  
And lickes his lips, with long grace after it.  
This Bell-wether (fir reu'rence) leades the flocke,  
After his ~~case~~ grafted in error's stocke.  
This reu'rend *Barrabas*, a Button-maker,  
Himselfe with trusty *Demas* his partaker,  
Meetes with their brethren, *Chore*, *Abiram*, *Dathan*,  
And tearme our Church the Synagogue of Sathan.

*A brood of Cormorants,*

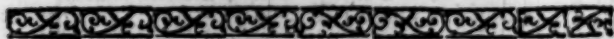
Wise Balaam, Nabal, Esau, Ismael,  
Tertullus, Theudas, and Achitophel,  
Phigellus, Himeneus, and Philetus,  
(A crew of turne-coates that desire to cheat vs)  
These fellows with their Ample folio graces,  
With mumping chappes, and counterfeited faces,  
Though they like shotten Herrings are to see,  
Yet such tall souldiers of their teeth they be,  
That two of them like greedy *Cormorants*,  
Deuoures more then six honest Protestants.  
VVhen priuately a sister and a brother  
Doe meet, ther's dainty doings with each other:  
Ther's no delay, they ne're stand shall I shall I,  
*Hermogenes* with *Dalkila* doth dally:  
And *Simei* with *Saphira* will dispute,  
That nine monthes after she doth beare the fruite.  
VVhen *Zimri* kissing *Iesabel* doth greet,  
And *Cozby* with her brother *Cham*, oh sweet,  
'Tis fit to trye (their humors to refresh)  
A Combate twixt the spirit and the flesh:  
Provided that they doe it secretly,  
So that the wicked not the same elpye:  
These youths deride the Surples, Crosse and Ring,  
The knee at Sacrament or any thing  
The Church holds Reuerend, and to testifie  
Their bastardy, the Fathers they deny.  
And of themselves they frame Religions new,  
VVhich Christ and his Apostles neuer knew,  
And with vntemperd morter of their owne,  
They build a Church, to all good men vnknowne,  
Railes at the Harmonious Organs, and the Coape,  
Yet in each Church of theirs, they raise a Pope.  
Calls it the badge of Antichristian crosse,  
VVhen they see buttrey printed with a Crosse.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

And yet for Coyne thei'le any man beguile;  
For when they tell it, they turne vp the pile.  
Vpon the *Sabbath* they'le no phisicke take,  
Lest it should worke, and so the *Sabbath* breake.  
They hate to see a Church-man ride, (why so)  
Because that Christ bade his Apostles goe.  
Against our Churches all, they haue exclaim'd,  
Because by *Saints* names most of them are nam'd:  
If these new *Saints* will no old *Saints* abide,  
From Christendome they must, or run, or ride.  
*Saint George* from England chales them away,  
*Saint Andrew* doth in Scotland beare like sway:  
From Ireland good *Saint Patrick* them will banish,  
*Saint Dennis* out of France will make them vanish:  
*Saint Iames* will force them out of *Spaine* to flie,  
So vill *Saint Anthony* from Italy,  
And last of all (whom I had halfe forgot)  
*Saint Dany* out of *VVales* will make them trot.  
And what vngodly place, can harbour then,  
These fugitiue vnnat'rall *Englishmen*:  
Except that with the *Turke* or *Infidell*,  
Or on, or in the Sea, they meane to dwell,  
That is in lesser roome they may be cram'd,  
And liue and die at *Amster* and be dam'd.  
And sure I hold some *Romane* Catholikes  
Much better then these selfe-wild *Scismatickes*.  
For *Papists* haue good affability,  
And some haue learning, most haue Charity,  
Except a *Iesuit*, whom I thinke a man,  
May terme a right *Papistick Puritan*.  
And for the *Sep'ratist* I iustly call,  
A *Scismaticke Impuritanicall*.  
But yet the *Iesuit*'s constant in his mind,  
The *Scismatick* is waueringly inclin'd.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Besides, he thinks whilst he on earth doth liue,  
Tis charitie to take, and not to giue.  
There are a sort of men which conscience make  
Of what they say, or doe, or vndertake:  
Who neyther will dissemble, sweare, or lye,  
Who to good ends their actions all apply,  
Who keepe the Sabbath, and releue the poore,  
According to their portions and their store:  
And these good people some men doe backbite  
And call them Puritanes, in scorne and spight,  
But let all know that do abuse them so,  
That for them is reseru'd a fearefull wo;  
I loue and reuerence onely beare to such,  
And those that heere Inuectiuely I touch  
Are Birds whose Consciences are more vncleane  
Then any *Cormorant* was e're knowne or scene:  
He stand to'th censure of all honest men,  
If they disproue me, He ne' re write agen.



*A Trust-breaker.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Foe to Iustice, a corrupted Friend,  
An outward Angell and an inward Fiend;  
A hidden Serpent, a most subtle Fox  
A Sugred poyson, in a painted Box:  
A Syrens song, alluring to misdoe,  
A Snare to Honesty, and Vertues trap.*

**T**HE Rich Trust breaker, vpon whom hell waites  
Doth thrust into the Riuer of Estates,  
His foule denouring Beake, and at one prey  
Will swallow fourteene Tradesmen in a day:

*A brood of Cormorants.*

As many of the Countrey Lordships slipper  
Flapdragon like, by his Insatiare lippes.  
The *Father* sometimes hath beene quite vndone,  
Through too much trusting his vnnat'rall *Sonne*,  
And a *Trust-breaker* hath a trick in's pate  
To bring a rich *Ward* to a *Beggars* state.  
For some corrupted men haue got tuition  
Of rich mens Heires, and changed their condition  
With false inducements to Recusancy,  
Or suffering them through prodigality  
To runne so farre in debt, that all their Lands  
Are lost, before they come into their hands.  
Faire Schooles of learning haue bin built frō ground  
For Boyes whose Fathers were not worth five pound:  
But false *Trust-breakers* hold it for no sinne,  
To keepe out poore mens sonnes, take rich mens in.  
This *Breach of Trust* is multiplide, in time  
'T a Catholike, and vniuersall crime,  
That man to man is growne so much vniust,  
That hee's a wise man that knowes who to trust.  
But (if there be such) they doe want much care  
Who *trust* not in the world nor trusted are.  
Collectorships, the common wealth may lurch,  
For Burnings, Highwaies, Bridges, or the Church,  
For losse at Sea, for Hospitalls and Schooles,  
One hundred knaues, may make ten thousand fooles.  
Yet these things are so needfull, as I wot,  
Hee's a base villaine that contributes not:  
But hee's a hell-hound that their *Trust* deceiues,  
And the right due from those that want bereaues:  
Why, this *Trust breaking* hath the ex'lent skill  
To make a VVife to burne hir Husbands VVill,  
Because his first VViues Children should not haue  
The Portions that within that VVill hee gaue.

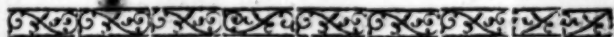


*A brood of Cormorants.*

And oftentimes a gasping man for breath,  
Distracted with the griping pangs of death,  
Hath to a forged VVill subscrib'd his hand,  
And dispossess'd his owne sonne of his land.  
*Trust-breakers* may a senselesse hand so frame,  
(Though being six houres dead) to write a Name,  
A rich-mans wealth that's dead's like vntold gold,  
And that's because t'is neuer truely told :  
For like to pitch it hath polluting tricks,  
And some vnto the fingers fingers sticks :  
But of all Rascalls since the world began,  
The Banckrupt Politick's the onely man,  
In courteous fashion many hee'll vnd o,  
And be much pittied and rewarded too :  
For hauing got mens wealth into his claws,  
He holds it faster then a *Cormorants* lawes  
Can hold a silly fish, and at the last,  
Himselfe, himselfe will into prison cast.  
And hauing broke for thousands, there the hound  
Compounds, perhaps for ten groats in the pound,  
Ses richly vp againe, 'till time hee sees,  
To breake, to prison againe, againe agrees :  
And thus a cunning knaue, can with a trice,  
Breake, and be whole againe, once, twice or thrice.  
These *Cormorants* are worse then theeuers therefore,  
And beeing worse, deserue a hanging more.  
A Theife speaks what he meanes, & takes your purse,  
A *Banckrupt* flattering robs you ten times worse.  
The one doth sildome rob ye of all your pelfe,  
The other leaues you nought to helpe your selfe :  
And yet the one for little theeuing may,  
At Tiburne make a hanging holliday ;  
VVhilest the great Theefe may with a golden prop,  
To faire Reuennues turne a Peddlers shop.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

In this voracity Father stands not free  
From his owne Sonne, nor from his Vncle, he  
Being made Executor to'th States of men,  
My *Corm'rant* is a piddler to him then.  
He will by cunning and vexation draw,  
Heire, wealth and *All*, into his rauinous maw,  
And when his gorge is full vp to the brim,  
Into some lothsome prison vomits him.  
There leaues the honor of a house and name,  
To be exchange'd for misery and shame:  
Now tell me they that loue faire truth indeed,  
If such mawes doe not *Corm'rants* guts exceed.  
And to what place locuer such resort,  
They are the *Fowle* Birds both in Towne and Court.



*A Drunkard.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Amadnesse dearly bought, with losse of fame,  
Of credit and of manly reputation:  
A cursed purchase of disease and shame,  
Of death, and a great hazard of Damnation:  
In all that's bad, the diuells onely Ape,  
Worse then a beast, in the best manly shape.*

**T**His fellow with the drop sic growne as bigge,  
And much more beastly then a Sow with pigge:  
His cheekes like *Boreas* swolne, he blow'd and pufte,  
His paunch like to a woolpack cram'd and stufte:  
And by the meanes of what he swil'd and gul'd,  
Hee look'd like one that was three quarters mul'd.  
His breath compounded of strong English Beere,  
And th' *Indian* drug would suffer none come neere.

From

*A brood of Cormorants.*

From side to side he staggerd as he went,  
As if he reeling did the way indent.  
One skirt of's cloake scarce reacht vnto his waste,  
The other dragging in the dirt he trac'd.  
His very braines within his head were stew'd,  
And look'd so crimson colour'd scarlet hew'd,  
As 'twere an *ignis fatuus*, or a comet.  
His garments runke most sweetly of his vomir,  
Fac'd with the *tap-lash* of strong Ale and Wine,  
VWhich from his slau'ring chaps doth oft decline.  
In truth he look'd as red as any coale,  
And bellied like vnto a Mare with foale:  
With hollow eyes, and with the palse shaking,  
And gouty legs with too much liquor taking.  
This valiant *pot-leach* that vpon his knees  
Has drunke a thousand pottles *vp se freefe*,  
Such pickled phrases he had got in store,  
As were vnknowne vnto the times of yore.  
As when he drinks out all the totall summe,  
Gauē it the stile of *supernagulum*,  
And when he quaffing doth his entrailes wash,  
Tis cal'd a *bunch*, a *thrust*, a *whiffe*, a *slash*:  
And when carousing makes his wits to faile,  
They say he hath a rattle at his taile,  
And when his wits are in the wetting shrunke,  
You may not say hee's drunke, though he be drunke,  
For though hee be as drunke as any *Rat*,  
He hath but *catcht a foxe*, or *whipt the Cat*.  
Or some say, hee's bewitcht, or scratcht, or blinde,  
(VWhich are the fittest tearmes that I can finde.  
Or *seene the Lyons*, or *his nose is dirty*,  
Or *hee's pot-shaken*, or *out, two and thirty*.  
And then strange languages comes in his head,  
VWhen he wants English how to goe to bed:

And

*A brood of Cormorants.*

And thought 'twere fit the swine should in his flye bee,  
Hee spewes out latine with *pro bibi tibi*:  
Which is, *prouide for Tiburne* (as I take it)  
Or if it be not, hee may chance to make it.  
Then Irish *Shachathwhorum* from him flees,  
And halfe a dozen welch *me Vatawhees*:  
Vntill hee falls asleepe hee skinks and drinckes,  
And then, like to a Bore he winkes, and stinckes.  
This *Cormorant* in one day swallowes more,  
Then my poore *Efacus* doth in a score.  
For mine but once a day doth take his fill,  
The drunkard, night and day doth quaffe and swill,  
Drinke was ordain'd to length mans fainting breath,  
And from that liquor Drunkards draw their death:  
Displeasing God, the diuell he onely pleases,  
And drinckes with others healths, his owne diseases.  
And in the end contempt and shame's his share,  
The whil' st a Tapster is his onely Heire.  
Thus drinke's a wraister that giues many a fall,  
To death, to beggery and slauish thrall.  
And drunkennesse a wilfull madnesse is,  
That throwes men to hells bottomles abisse.  
For why, where drunkennes is mistris, there  
Sobriety can hardly maistry beare:  
And t'is no question but the land hath drown'd,  
More men with drinke, then Seas did e're confound.  
Wine is Earth's blood, which from her breast doth  
And (well vs'd) is a comforable thing. (spring,  
But if abused from it then beginnes,  
Most horrible notorious crying finnes.  
As Murther, Lechery, Ebriety,  
Gods wrath, damnation in variety:  
For he that is a drunkard is the summe,  
And abstract of all mischiefes that can come.

*A'brood of Cormorants.*

It wafts him soule and body, life and limb,  
My *Cormorant's* a sober beast to him.  
He that perswades a man to steale or lye,  
To sweare, or to commit adultery,  
To stab or murder any man that liues,  
Can it be said that he good counsell giues?  
And he that tempts and forces men to drinke,  
Perswades a man to damne himselfe, I thinke,  
For drunken men haue into dangers run,  
Which (being sober) they would ne're haue done.  
I take them for no friends, that giue me wine,  
To turne me from a man vnto a swine,  
To make me void of manners, sense, or reason,  
To abuse God, blaspheming odious treason,  
To hurt my soule and body, fame and purse,  
To get the diuell, and gaine Gods heavy curse.  
Though many take such for their friends to be,  
I wish them hang'd that are such friends to me:  
For greater enemies there cannot dwell  
In the whole world, nor in the bounds of hell.  
Good friendly drinking I account not euill,  
But much carousing, which makes man a diuell,  
Wanting the priuiledge that hath a horse,  
And to be vrg'd and forc'd to drinke perforce.  
For why a horse this gouernment hath still,  
Drinkes what he will, and not against his will.  
And he that that good rule doth ouerpasse,  
Hath lesse discretion then a horse or Asse:  
And any man that doth this temp'rance want,  
Is a worse glutton then my *Cormorant*.

*A prodigall Country Gallant,  
and his new made Maddam.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Taylors fooles, Times bables, and prides Apes,  
That as a Squirrell skips from tree to tree :  
So they like Portents leape from shapes to shapes,  
Like foule swords in gills scabberds, he and she  
Their carkasse pampers, gorgeously bedeckt,  
Whilst their poore starned soules they both neglect.*

Now steps my young gull-gallant into play,  
Who (borne to land) i'th country scornes to stay.  
To liue by wit (thanks Sire) he hath no need,  
And if he should be hang'd can scarcely reade.  
Drabs, dice, and drinke are all his onely ioyes,  
His pockets, and his spurs, his gingling boyes,  
A Squirrels tayle hangs dangling at his eare,  
A badge which many a gull is knowne to weare.  
His eyes red blood-shot, arguing a sod braine,  
His dam-him voice set to the roaring straine :  
His nose well inlaid with rich iemmes about,  
As from a watch-Towre, their heads peeping out,  
Attended fitly, (fitting for the age)  
VVith two shag'd Ruffians, and a pyde coat Page,  
Who beares his boxe, and his Tobacco fils,  
VVith stopper, tong's, and other vtensils.  
This Fop, late buried, e're he came vp hither,  
His thrift and's father in one graue together,  
His country stocke he sold, for that's the fashion,  
And to a farmer gaue it new translation:

*A brood of Cormorants.*

His Fathers seruants hee thrust out of dore,  
Allows his mother but a pension poore :  
Salutes you with an oath at euery word,  
Sirha or slave he lib'rall doth afford.  
His Father (a good house-keeper) being dead,  
He scornes his honest block should fit his head :  
And though hee be not skil'd in *Magick Art*,  
Yet to a *Coach* hee turn'd his Fathers *Cart*.  
Foure Teames of Horses, to foure Flanders Mares  
With which to London hee in pomp repaires,  
Woo's a She Gallant, and to Wife he takes her :  
Then buyes a knighthood, and a maddam makes her.  
And yearly they vpon their backs ore-weare,  
That which oft fed five hundred with good cheere.  
Whil'st in the Countrey all good bounty's spilt  
His house, as if a Iugler it had built,  
For all the Chimneies, where great fires were made,  
The smoake at one hole onely is conuay'd:  
No times obseru'd nor Charitable Lawes,  
The poore receiue their answer from the Dawes,  
Who in their ccaing language call it plaine  
*Mockbegger* Manour, for they came in vaine.  
They that deuoure what Charity should giue  
Are both at London, there the *Cormorants* liue,  
But so transform'd of late, doe what you can ,  
You'le hardly know the woman from the man :  
There sit *Tim Twirlepipe* and his Lady Gay,  
Doe prodigally spend the time away :  
Beeing both exceeding proud, and scornefull too,  
And any thing (but what is good) thei'le do.  
For Incubus, and Succubus haue got  
A crew of fiends, which the old world knew not :  
That if our Grand-fathers and Grand-dams should  
Rise from the dead, and these mad times behold.

Amazed



*A brood of Cormorants.*

Amazed they (halfe madly) would admire,  
At our fantasticke gestures and attire:  
And they would thinkethat England in conclusion,  
Were a meere bable *Babell* of confusion.  
That *Muld-sack* for his most vnfashion'd fashions,  
Is the fit patterne of their transformations:  
And *Mary Frith* doth teach them modesty,  
For shee doth keepe one fashion constantly,  
And therefore she deserues a matrons praise,  
In these inconstant moone-like changing dayes.  
A witlesse Ass (to please his wiues desire)  
Payes for the fewell, for her prides hot fire:  
And he and she will wast, consume, and spoyle,  
To feed the stinking lamp of pride with oyle:  
When with a sword, he gat a knightly name,  
With the same blow, his Lady was struck lame.  
For if you marke it, she no ground doth tread,  
(Since the blow fell) except that she be lead:  
And Charity is since that time (some say)  
In a Carts yonger brother borne away.  
These are the *Cormorants*, that haue the power  
To swallow a Realme, and last themselues deuour:  
And let their gaudy friends, thinke what they will,  
My *Cormorant* shall be their better still.

*An*

*An Extortioner and a Broaker.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Friends to but few, and to their owne soules worst,  
With Aspissh poison poysoning men at first,  
Who laughing languish, neuer thinke on death,  
Untill these Wolues (with biting) stop their breath;  
The diuell and they at no time can be sunder'd,  
And all their trade is sorty in the hundred.*

**R**oome for two hounds, well coupl'd, and t'is pitty  
To part them; they doe keepe such ranck i'th City,  
Th' *Extortioner* is such a fiend, that he  
Doth make the *Usurer* a Saint to be.  
One for a hundreds vse doth take but ten,  
T'other for *ten a hundred* takes agen:  
The one mongst Christians is well tolerated,  
T'other's of heaven and earth abhor'd and hated,  
The one doth often helpe a man distrest,  
The other addes oppression to th' opprest.  
By paying vse a man may thriue and ger,  
But by *extortion* neuer none could yet.  
Though *usury* be bad, (tis vnderstood,  
Compared with *extortion*) it seemes good.  
One by retaile, and th' other by the great,  
Ingrose the profits of the whole worlds sweat,  
That man is happy that hath meate and cloath,  
And stands in need of neither of them both,  
*Extortioners* are Monsters in all nations,  
All their *Conditions* turne to *Obligations*,  
Vvaxe is their shot, and writing pens their Guns,  
Their powder is the inke that from them runs.

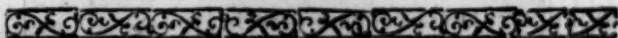
And

*A brood of Cormorants.*

And this dank powder hath blowne vp more men  
In one yeare, then gunpowder hath in ten.  
Bils are their weapons, parchments are their shields,  
VVith which they win whole lordships, towns & fields  
And, for they know in heauen they ne're shall dwell,  
They ingroſe the earth before they come to hell.  
Yet all their liues here they with cares are vext,  
Slaves in this world, and hell hounds in the next.  
And what they o're the dinels backe did win,  
Their heyres beneath his belly waſte in ſinne.  
The Broaker is the better ſenting hound,  
He hunts and ſcouts till he his prey hath found,  
The gallant which I mention'd late before,  
Turning old hoſpitality out of doore,  
And hauing ſwallowed tenants and their crops,  
Comming to towne, he crams Extortions chops :  
Craft there, may here againe be ſet to ſchoole,  
A Country knaue oft proues a City foole.  
He that a *dogs* part plaies when he is there,  
A *wolfe* deuoures him when he comes vp here :  
The ſilly ſwaine the racking Landlord worries,  
But Swaine and Landlord both extortion curries.  
Firſt thing is done, the Broaker ſmels him forth,  
Hunts all his haunts, enquires into his worth :  
Sents out his preſent wants, and then applies  
Rank poyſon to his wounds for remedies.  
In ſtead of licking, he's a biting whelpe,  
And ranckles moſt, when he moſt ſeemes to helpe,  
And he hunts dry foot; neuer ſpends his throat  
Till a has caught his game, and then his note  
Luls him aſleepe, faſt in Extortions bands  
There leaues him, takes his fee o'th goods and lands.  
And as he is the Commonwealths deceiuer,  
So (for the moſt part) hee's the theques receiuer.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Hangs vp the hangmans wardrop at his doore,  
Which by the hangman hath beene hang'd before.  
A fishwife, with a pawne, doth money seeke,  
Hee two pence takes for twelue pence euery weeke :  
Which makes me aske my selfe a question plaine,  
And to my selfe I answere make againe :  
*Was Houndsditch Houndsditch calld can any tell,*  
*Before the Broakers in that street did dwell ?*  
*No sure it was not, it hath got that name*  
*From them, and since the Time they thither came :*  
And well it now may called be Houndsditch,  
For there are Hounds will giue a vengeance twitch :  
These are the Gulphes, that swallow all by lending,  
Like my old shoes, quite past all hope of mending :  
I'de throw my *Cormorants* dead into the pooles:  
If they cram'd fish so fast as these eate fooles.



*A Basket Iustice.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The best of men, when truly exercis'd,  
The Actor may a Saint be canoniz'd :  
Not Policy but practise, Iustice frames,  
Those whom bribes blinde, haue onely thred-bare names  
Of what they should be, thus the Land is blest,  
When iudgments iust flow from the Iudges breast.*

**B**Efore the noyse of these two Hounds did cease,  
A Iustice (comming by) commanded peace :  
Peace Curres (quoth he) and learne to take your  
And not a word, so wise folkes, goe away : (pray,  
This is a youth that sued his place to haue,  
Bought his authority to play the knaue.

And

*A brood of Cormorants.*

And as for Coyne he did his place obtaine,  
So hee'll sell Iustice to mak't vp againe,  
For the old prouerb fits his humor well,  
That he that dearely buyes, must dearely sell.  
The sword of Iustice draw he stoutly can,  
To guard a knaue, and grieue an honest man;  
His Clarke's the Bee that fills his comb with honey,  
He hath the wit, his master hath the money.  
Such Iusticer as this (if men doe marke)  
Is altogether guided by his Clarke,  
He's the vice Iustice, he workes all by's wits,  
The whilst his master pickes his teeth, or spits,  
Walkes, hums, and nods, calls knaue at euery turne,  
(As if he in a dawes nest had beene borne :)  
No other language from his worship flees,  
But prisons, warrants, Mittimus, and fees :  
Commit, before he search out the offence,  
And heare the matter after two dayes hence,  
Talkes of Recognizances, and hath scope  
To bind and loose, as if he were the Pope.  
Be the case ne're so good, yet build vpon't,  
Fees must be payd, for that's the humor on't.  
And thus with onely cursed wealth and beard,  
He makes a world of witleesse fooles asfeard,  
And when he giues them but a smile or nod,  
They thinke this doughty else, a demy-god.  
When fortune fals, he knowes to vse the same,  
His Clarke and he, as quiet as a lambe,  
Make not two words, but share, and goe through stich,  
Heres mine, theres thine, for they know which is which  
There hath beene, are, and will be still agen,  
In all professions, some corrupted men :  
Before this branch of false *Gebexas* Tribe,  
Tis sacriledge to call a bribe a bribe,

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Giue him a *Bucke*, a *Pig*, a *Goose*, or *Pheasant*,  
(For manners sake) it must be cal'd a *present*,  
And when he's blind in Iustice, tis a doubtr,  
But Turkies tallons scratch'd his eyes halfe out :  
Or Capons claws, but tis a heauy case  
That fowles should flye so in a Iustice face.  
Sometimes his eyes are goard with an Oxe horne,  
Or suddaine dasht out with a sacke of corne,  
Or the wiske brushing of a Coachmares taile  
To fit the Coach, but all these thoughts may faile,  
Some thinke they are but clouded, and will shine,  
Eclips'd a little with a Teirce of Wine,  
Or onely false into some hoodwink'd nap,  
As some men may vpon the Bench, by hap.  
But Iustice seemes deafe when some tales are told,  
Perhaps his charity hath tane some cold,  
And that may be the cause, or rattling Coaching,  
Or neighing horses to her gate approaching,  
From thence into the stable, as her owne :  
The certaine truth thereof is not yet knowne.  
But sure she is so deafe, that she can heare,  
Nothing but what her Clarke blowes in her eare,  
Which Clarke, good men must crouch to, & stand bare.  
Or else small Iustice amongst them they shall share,  
His Master like a weather-cocke inclinde,  
As he doth please he makes him turne and winde.  
This Iustice of all senses is bereft,  
Except his feeling, onely feeling's left  
With which he swallowes with insatiate power,  
More bribes then doth my *Cormorant* fish deuoure.

*A Cutpurse.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*This is a mad knave, lives by trickes and sleights,  
He diues by land, and dies within the ayre :  
He serues no man, yet courteously he waies  
On whom he list, in Church, towne, throng, or faire.  
He will not worke, yet is well cloath'd and fed,  
And for his farewell seldome dies in's bed.*

**T**His spirit, or this Ferrit, next that enters  
(Although he be no Merchant) much he ventures,  
And though he be a noted coward, yet  
Most valiantly he doth his liuing get.  
He hath no weapon but a curtoll knife,  
Wherewith for what he hath he hazards life.  
East Indian Merchants crosse the raging Floods,  
And in their ventring, venter but their goods :  
When as themselves at Hope securely sleepe,  
And neuer plow the dangerous ocean deepe,  
If they doe lose by Pirates, tempests, rocks,  
•Tis but a Flea bite to their wealthy stocks :  
VVhilst the poore *Cutpurse* day and night doth toile,  
VVatches and wardes, and doth himselfe turmoile :  
Ofte cuts a purse before the Sessions barre,  
VVhilst others for their liues apleading are,  
To *Starbridge* faire, or vnto *Bristol* ambles  
In iopardy he for his liuing rambles,  
And what he gets he doth not beg or borrow,  
Ventures his necke, and there's an end, hang sorrow.  
VVhilst midst his perils he doth drinke and sing,  
And hath more pursebearers then any King.

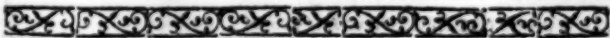


*A brood of Cormorants.*

Liues like a Gentleman, by sleight of hand;  
Can play the *Foist*, the *Nip*, the *Stale*, the *Stand*,  
The *Snap*, the *Curb*, the *Crosbite*, *Warp*, and *Lift*,  
*Decoy*, *prig*, *Cheat*, (all for a hanging shift.)  
Still valiant where he comes, and free from care,  
And dares the *stocks*, the *whip*, the *taile* outdare.  
Speakes the braue *canting* tongue, lyes with his *dell*,  
Or *pad*, or *doxi*, or his *bonny Nell*,  
And liues as merry as the day is long,  
In *scorne* of *Tyburne*, or the *ropes ding-dong*.  
But now a ieast or two to minde I call,  
Which to this function lately did befall:  
A *Cutpurse* standing in a market-towne,  
As for his prey his eyes scowld vp and downe,  
At last he shoulders neare a country *Lasse*,  
And cut her purse, as by her he did passe.  
Shee spide and caught him, and began to raue,  
Cald him *rogue*, *rascall*, *villeyne*, *thiefe* and *slane*.  
Gep with a *pox*, the *Cutpurse* then replide,  
Are you so fine you can no ieasting bide,  
I'ue ieasted more with forty honest men,  
So with a *moraine*, take your purse agen.  
Another sattin *Cutpurse*, dawbd with lace,  
A country Gentleman for's purse did chase,  
On whom a blew-coat *Seruingman* did waite,  
And passing through a narrow obscure strait,  
The thieuing knaue the purse he nimbly nims  
And like a *land-sharke*, thence by land he swims.  
The *Seruingman* perceiu'd the *Cutpurse* trick,  
Said nought, but dogges him through thinne & thick,  
Vntill the thiefe suppos'd the coast was cleare,  
As he was pissing *Blew-coat* cut off's eare.  
The *Cutpurse* madly gins to sweare and curse,  
The other said, *Giue me my masters purse*,  
Which

*A brood of Cormorants.*

VVhich you stole lately from his pocket, then  
There's no wrong done, but here's your eare agen.  
Thus though a *Cutpurse* trade be counted ill,  
I say he is a man of action still:  
Waites on Ambassadors that comes and goes,  
Attends at Tiltings and triumphant shewes.  
At *Westminster*, he still attendance giues  
On the Lord Mayor, his brethren, and the Shrieues,  
Although vnbidden, yet hee'll be a guest,  
And haue his hand in sometimes with the best.  
And whilst he liues, note how he takes degree,  
*Newgate's* his hall, at *Tyburne* hee's made free:  
Where commonly it so fals out with him,  
He dyes in perfect health, sound winde and limbe,  
He in a Coaches elder brother rides,  
And when his soule and corps, from each diuides,  
He foules no sheetes, nor any Physicke takes,  
But like a bird in'th ayre an end he makes:  
And such an end I wish they all may haue,  
And all that loue a shifting *Cutpurse* knaue.  
For they are *Cormorants*, whereloeere they haunt,  
Vntill the Gallowes proues their *Cormorant*.



*A good and a bad Constable.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*This man is to the Magistrate an eye,  
Reuealing things which Iustice could not finde.  
Blaske deeds of darknesse, he doth oft descry,  
And is (if he be honestly inclinde)  
So fit the Common-wealth in peace to keepe,  
By watching carefully whilst thousands sleepe.*

When

*A flood of Cormorants.*

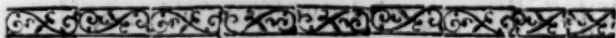
VWhen *Titan* sleepest his bright resplendant beames,  
And hides his burning Carth westerne streames;  
VWhen to the vnder world day takes his flight,  
And leaues th'Horizon all in darknesse dight,  
VWhen *Philomel* doth gainst a thorne proclaime  
In dulcet notes, the lustfull *Terew* shame,  
VWhen Maddam *Midnight* shewes her *Ebon* face,  
And darknesse doth the *Hemispheare* embrace,  
Then (to keepe all things peaceable and well)  
The watchfull Constable keepes Centinell.  
Then if a man (with drinke) his wit hath left,  
Or hath committed leachery, or theft,  
Or murder, then the Constable thinkes fit  
That such committers straitly he commit.  
Hee's Lord high Regent of the tedious night,  
Man of the *Moone* he may be called right:  
Great generall of *Glowormes*, *Owls* and *Bats*,  
Comptroler ouer such as whip the *Cats*.  
*Dianaes* forrester that with regard,  
Doth guard the *Heard* that liues within his ward,  
His vigilancy is most manifest,  
For through his hornes he lightens all the rest.  
Like *Minos*, or iust iudging *Rhadaman*,  
He walkes the darksome streets of *Troynonant*,  
Attended with his *Goblins* clad in *Rugs*,  
Like *Russian* *Bearcs*, or *Phlegetonian* bugs,  
Vntill *Aurora* shewes her blushing brow,  
And *Lucifer* doth shine, and *Cocks* do crow,  
*Madge* *Howlet* whooting, hides her fearefull head,  
Then goes the Constable and's watch to bed.  
This officer in the first place I put,  
He that comes next is of another cur.  
Yet he's a member of the peace comes next,  
And writ most commonly an asse in Text:

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Image of office he is held to be  
And has his staffe tip'd with authority,  
He has his bill-men, which can seldome keepe  
The name of watchmen, for they're still asleepe.  
His word is *Who goes there? Where doe you dwell?*  
*Stand still, and come before the Constable.*  
*Is this an houre: carry him to the Compter goe.*  
Sayes a man's drunke, when his owne case is so.  
But let a quar'ling slaue indeed goe by,  
Leading by th arme his rampant venery,  
A thing of filthy surfet, like a swine,  
That scarce can goe laden with poxe and wine,  
They for their sixpence shall passe by in state,  
The porter with a leg will ope the gate,  
VVorship'd, and guarded to their lodging safe,  
Not with bills onely, but th' officious staffe.  
VVhilst the good sober man, that nothing gaue,  
Is straight committed for a dangerous knaue,  
Traytor to th State, and in the layle must lye,  
VVhilst th' other's lighted to his lechery.  
This *Constable* may haue a trick in store,  
His house may be safe harbour for a whore,  
Because no man will offer to search there.  
She there may rest, and roost secure from feare.  
There she may lodge, end trade too if shee will,  
As sure and safe, as theenes are in a Mill,  
Or Suburbs for the birth of Bastards are,  
For all desire to lay their bellies there.  
Nay as a *Compter* for a fellow's home,  
Or Ladies chamber for a Priest from Rome.  
But yet I say, tis not a matter hard,  
To finde an honest Constable in's ward.  
Trust forbid else, and waking watchmen to,  
VVhose bills were neuer stolne, and much adoe.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

To be corrupted with a villaines shilling,  
To wrong the good, and bad mens mindes fulfilling.  
Such men as those I thinke some few there be,  
And for the rest, would they were hangd for me.  
He when my *Corm'rant* is at rest, and thinke  
Poore fish no harme, nor ought that water drinke,  
That's a night *Corm'rant*, and at midnight swils,  
Whole cans and pots with cheaters and their iils,  
He makes all fish that comes into his net,  
Drinke drunke, and sleepe, and then the watch is set.



*A London Serieant and Iaylor.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*A brate of Hell-bounds that on earth doe dwell,  
That tyrannize on poore mens bodies move,  
(If more they could) then dinels ore soules in hell  
Whose muscke is the groanings of the poore.  
These, when they buy their office, sell their soules,  
No Cormorants are such denouring fowles.*

**T**He *Serieant* I before the *Iaylor* name,  
Because he is the dog that hunts the game:  
He worries it, and brings it to the royle,  
And then the *Iaylor* lines vpon the spoile.  
I'ue knowne a *Serieant* that foure houres hath late,  
Peeping and leering through a *Tauerne* grate,  
His Yeoman on the other side the way,  
Keeping the like watch both for one poore prey: (him,  
Whom when they spide, like mastiues they come neere  
And by the throat like cruell curs they teare him;  
If he hath money, to the *Tauerne* straight,  
These sucking *purse-leaches* will on him wait:

But

*A brood of Cormorants.*

But if his stocke be low, and's pockets drye,  
To'th layle with him, there let him starue and dye.  
Yet for all this a *Serieant* is deuour,  
For he doth *watch* and *prey* much out of doubt.  
He sels no spice, and yet in euery place  
He's halfe a Grocer, for he liues by's *mace* :  
He's part a Gentleman, for vp and downe,  
Their *steps* he *followes* round about the towne.  
And yet he seemes a *Ingler* too by this,  
He oft from shape to shape so changed is :  
As sometimes like an *Amsterdamian* brother,  
Sometimes a Porters shape, sometimes another,  
Sometimes t'a Counsellor at Law, and then  
T'a lame, or blinded begger, and agen  
T'a Country Seruingman that brings a *Deere*,  
And with these trickes his *prey* he doth come deere.  
Wherein he imitates the diuell aright,  
Who can put on an *Angels* shape of light,  
That so his *craft* may on mens soules preuaile.  
So *Serieants* snare mens bodies for the layle,  
Time was he wore a proper kind of coate,  
And in *his* hand a white rod, as a note  
Whereby a man far off a knaue might spie,  
And shun *him* if he were in ieopardy.  
But now to no such habit he is bound,  
Because *his* place (neere) cost him eight score pound,  
To get the which againe, he must disguise  
And vse a thousand shifts and villanies.  
Oh that a man so little grace should haue  
To giue so much, to be esteem'd a knaue.  
To be shau'd, duck'd, and vnpittied dye,  
Curst and contemn'd within his graue to lie.  
To hazard soule and body, ne're to thrive,  
But by mens harmes, deuouring them aliu.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

To be the hang-mans guard, and wait vpon  
The Gallowes at an Execution,  
But yet the office is most fit we see,  
And fit that honest men should haue it free.

Now for the other sucking diuell, the *Taylor*  
His worke's brought to him, as he were a *Taylor*.  
As if he were a Fencer hee'll beginne,  
And aske a man what *ward* hee will be in:  
(But first the prisoner drawes without delay,  
A sop for *Cerberus* that turnes the key.)  
Then the old prisoners garnish doe demand,  
Which straight must be discharged out of hand.  
But if he cannot pay, or doth denye,  
He thrusts him in the *hole*, there lets him lye.  
If a good prisoner hath a well-linde purse,  
The *Taylor* then esteemes him as his nurse,  
Suckles like a *Bulcalfe*, and doth neuer cease  
Till with much grieve he heares of a release.  
An *Vnder-keeper*, (though without desert)  
Is a continuall knaue in spight on's hart:  
If to the prisoners he be sharpe and cruell,  
He proues their knaue, and his good masters Iewell:  
If vnto them him selfe he well behaue,  
He is their Iewell and his Masters knaue.  
So let him turne him selfe which way he can,  
Hee seldome shall be held an honest man.  
Perhaps the *Taylor* in one stinking roome  
Hath fixe beds, for the Gallant and the Grome,  
In lowlie linnen, ragged couerlets:  
Twelue men to lodge in those fixe beds hee sets:  
For which each man doth pay a groat a night,  
Which weeklie's eight and twenty shillings right:  
Thus one foule dirty roome from men vnwilling,  
Drawes yearly seauenty three pound sixteene shilling.



*A brood of Cormorants.*

Besides a *Taylor* (to keepe men in feare)  
Will like a *demi-denill* dominere:  
Roare like a *Bearward*, grumble, snarle, and growle,  
Like a *Towre Cat-a-Mountaine* stare and scowle.  
He and the *Serieant* may be coupled too,  
As bane of mankind, for they both vndoe:  
*Th' Extortioner* and *Broaker* nam'd before,  
Hauing both bit and grip'd a mans state sore:  
In comes the *Serieant* for his breakfast then,  
Drags him to th' *Iayle* to be new squeezd agen:  
And thence he gets not, there he shall not start,  
Till the last drop of blood's wrong from his heart.  
Yet I haue heard some *Serieants* haue beene mild,  
And vs'd their prisoner like a *Christians* child:  
Nip'd him in priuate, neuer trig'd his way,  
As *Bandogs* carrion, but went faire away,  
Follow'd aloofe, shewd himselfe kind and meeke,  
And lodg'd him in his owne house for a weeke.  
You'd wonder at such kindnesse in a man,  
So many *Regions* from a *Christian*.  
But what's the cause, Ile lead you out o' th' maze,  
Tis twenty shillings euery day he stayes,  
Besides the *Serieants* wife must haue a stroake,  
At the poore teate, some outside she must soake,  
Although she tridge for't, whilst good fortunes fall,  
He shall command house, *Serieant*, and all.  
Thus may it come by th' side o' th' breeding woman,  
The *Serieants* son's a *Gentleman*, no yeoman:  
And whilst they fish from mens decayes and wants,  
Their wiues may proue foule fleshy *Cormorants*.  
Thus a bad *Serieant* and a *Taylor* both,  
Are *Cormorants* which all good people loathe,  
And yet amongst them some good men there are,  
Like snow at *Midsummer*, exceeding rare.

*A Symonicall Patron, and his  
penny Clarke.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Here Magus seeketh holy things to buy,  
With cursed bribes and base corrupting gold:  
Lets soules for want of preaching starue and die,  
Floeces and staves his flockes, bare pilde and sold:  
That to speake truth, in spite of who controls,  
Such Clarke and Patrons murder many soules.*

**T**His is the bane both of the age and men,  
A Patron with his benefices ten;  
That wallowes in fat liuings a Church leach,  
And cannot keepe out of my Corm'rants reach,  
One of these Patrons doth deuoure his Clarke,  
As they doe perish soules, after soure Markes,  
And euery yeare a paire of new high shoes,  
For which betwixt two Churches he doth vse  
Each Sabbath day with diligence to trot,  
But to what purpose, few or none know not.  
Except it be 'cause he would eate and feed,  
He'le starue two Cures, for he can hardly reade.  
This sir John Lacklatine, true course doth keepe,  
To preach the Vestry men all fast asleepe,  
And box and cusse a Pulpit mightily,  
Speaking non-sense with nose-wise grauity,  
These youths, in Art, purse, and attire most bare  
Giue their attendance, at each steeple faire:  
Being once hir'd he'le not displease his Lord,  
His surly Patron, nor dares preach a word,

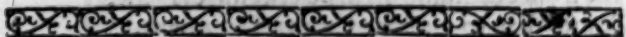
But

*A brood of Cormorants.*

But where he giues the text, and that must be  
Some place of Scripture bites no vsury,  
Extortion, or the like, but some calme law,  
That will not fret his fore, be't nere so raw.  
As calmly preach'd, as lamely to expresse't.  
With clamarous yell that likes the parish best.  
This Clarke shall be a drudge too, all his time,  
Weedes in the garden, beares out dung and slime :  
Then vpon Sabbath dayes the scroyle beginnes  
With most vnhalloved hands, to weed vp sinnes :  
And from cup filling all his weeke dayes spent,  
Comes then to giue the Cup at Sacrament.  
And from his trencher waiting goes to serue  
Spirituell food to those that almost starue ;  
And what's this Clarke that's of such seruile mind,  
Some smatring *Pedant* or mechanicke hinde,  
Who taking an intelligencers place  
Against poore tenants, first crept into grace,  
And drudges for eight pounds ayeare perhaps,  
VWith his great vailes of Sundayes trencher scraps.  
This makes the sacred Tribe of *Leui* sad,  
That many of them proue the Tribe of *Gad*,  
This makes good *Scholars* iustly to complaine,  
VWhen *Patrones* take they care not who for gaine,  
VWhen as a Carter shall more wages haue,  
Then a good Preacher that helps soules to saue,  
These *Cormorants* Gods part doth eate and cram,  
And so they fare well, care not who they damne,  
The people scarce knowes whar a Sermon meanes,  
For a good Preacher there can haue no meanes,  
To keepe himselfe with cloathes, and books, and bread  
Nor scarce a pillow t'vnderlay his head.  
The whilst the *Patrons* wife (my Lady Gay)  
Fares, and is deckt most dainty euery day :

— *A brood of Cormorants.*

Shee'le see that preaching trouble not the towne,  
And weares a hundred Sermons in a Gowne.  
Shee hath a preachers liuing on her backe,  
For which the soules of many goes to wrack,  
And hires a mungrell cheaply by the yeare,  
To famish those *Christs* blood hath bought so deare:  
What greater cruelty can this exceed,  
Then to pine those whom *Iesus* bids them feed,  
These are *hels vultures*, *Tophets* greedy fowles,  
That proue (like diuels) *Cormorants* of soules.



*A Country Yeoman.*

THE ARGVMENT.

*Here Dauid dicker comes, God speed the plough,  
Whose Sonne's a Gentleman, and hunts and banks:  
His Farme good cloathes and feeding will allow,  
And whaisoere of him the Country talks,  
His sonne's in silkes, with feather in his head,  
Untill a begger bring a foole to bed.*

THE *Romane* Histories doe true relate  
How *Dioclesian* chang'd his Emp'rors state,  
To liue in quiet in a Country Farme,  
Out of the reach of treasons dangerous arme.  
Then was a Farmer, like a labring Ant,  
And not a land deuouring Cormorant.  
For if a Gentleman hath land to let,  
He'le haue it, at what price soe're tis set,  
And bids, and over-bids, and will giue more,  
Then any man could make of it before:  
Offers the Landlord more then he would crane,  
And buyes it, though he neither get nor saue.

And

*A brood of Cormorants.*

And whereas Gentlemen their land would let,  
At rates that tenants might both saue and get,  
This *Cormorant* will giue his landlord more,  
Then he would aske, in hope that from the poore  
He may extort it double, by the rate,  
Which he will sell his corne and cattle at.  
At pining famine he will ne're repine,  
Tis plenty makes this *Cormorant* to whine,  
To hoard vp corne with many a bitter ban,  
From widowes, orphanes, and the lab'ring man:  
He prayes for raine in haruest, night and day,  
To rot and to consume the graine and hay:  
That so his mowes and reekes, and stacks that mould,  
At his owne price he may translate to gold.  
But if a plenty come, this rauening thiefe  
Torments (and sometimes hangs) himselfe with griefe..  
And all this raking toyle, and carke and care,  
Is for his clownish first borne sonne and heire,  
Who must be gentled by his ill got pelfe,  
Though he (to get it) got the diuell himselfe.  
And whilst the fathers bones a rotting lie,  
His sonne his cursed wealth, accurst lets flie,  
In whores, drinke, gaming, and in reuell coyle,  
The whilst his fathers soule in flames doth broile.  
And when the father on the earth did liue,  
To his sonnes fancy he such way did giue,  
For at no season he the plough must hold,  
The Summer was too hot, the Winter cold,  
He robs his mother of her butter pence,  
Within the Alehouse serues him for expence.  
And so (like *Coles dog*) the vntutor'd mome,  
Must neither goe to Church, nor bide at home.  
For he his life another way must frame,  
To hauke, to hunt, abusing the Kings game,

Some

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Some Nobleman or Gentleman that's neere,  
At a cheape rate to steale what they call deere.  
VWhen if a poore man (his great want to serue)  
Whose wife and children ready are to starue,  
If he but steale a sheepe from out the fold,  
The chuffe would hang him for it if he could.  
For almes, he neuer read the word releue,  
He knowes to get, but neuer knowes to giue,  
And whatsoere he be that doth liue thus,  
Is a worke *Cormorant* then my *Asacur*,

*A Figure flinger, or a couzning  
cunning man.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Amongst a foolish, faithlesse, gracelesse crew,  
This man hath better credit then Gods word:  
For lesse that's past, or profit to ensue,  
Like to a Terme, with Customers hee's stor'd.  
Hee's a Sooth-sayer, but faith seldome sooth,  
And hath the Diuels great seale for what he doth.*

**H**ERE now I draw a curtaine and discover  
Amongst all knaues the deuils speciall louer:  
One that doth court him still, and daily wooe,  
And faine would see the deuill, but knowes not how.  
He has him in his workes, that's his sure place,  
But has not Art to bring him to his face.  
VWhen he could wish him to his outward sense,  
The diuill sits laughing in his conscience:  
Yet you shall haue this *figure-flinger* prate,  
To his gull client (small wit shallow pate,)

*A brood of Cormorants.*

As if he were Lord warden of hell fire,  
And *Lucifer* and he had both one fire,  
The Fiends his couzen Germanes (once remou'd)  
From earth to hell, where he is best below'd.  
More iustian language from his tongue doth drop,  
Then would set forth an honest tradesmans shop:  
As if that all Magicians that ere were,  
Vnworthy were his learned bookes to beare,  
Nor *Zoroastres*, King o'th *Bactrians*,  
Nor the sage *Magi* of the *Persians*,  
Nor any coniuring sonne of *Cham* or *Chus*,  
Nor *Faustus* with his *Mephostophilus*,  
*Cornelius Agrippa*, *Simon Magus*,  
Nor any twixt the riuer *Thames* or *Tagus*,  
Nor *Britanes Bladud*, *Cambriaes Merlin*, *Bacon*,  
Companions for this man would ne're be taken.  
For he is rare, and deeply read indeed,  
In the admir'd right reuerend old wiues *Creed*,  
Takes of the *Iewish Thalmud*, and *Cabals*,  
*Solstitiums* and *Equinoctials*,  
Of auguries, of prophecies, predictions,  
Prognostications, reuelation, fictions,  
And as he could the Elements command,  
He seemes as he their minds doth vnderstand.  
By *Fire* he hath the skill of *Pyromanty*,  
By *Ayre* he hath the art of *Heromanty*,  
By *Water* he knowes much in *Hidromanty*,  
And by the *Earth* he's skil'd in *Geomanty*:  
Palme *Chiromanty*, couzuing *Necromanty*,  
To gull the world, to fulfill fooles fancy.  
*Hags*, *ghosts*, and *goblins*, *furies*, *fairies*, *elues*,  
He knowes the secrets of the diuels the mselues,  
There's not a *Nymph*, a *fawne*, or goateloot *Satyre*,  
That liues by fire, by ayre, by earth, or water,

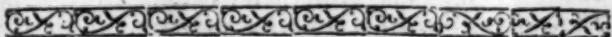


*A brood of Cormorants.*

Nor *Driades* or *Hamadriades*,  
Betwixt *Septentrio* and *Meridies*,  
But he commands them to doe what they list,  
If he but bend the brow, or clutch the fist.  
Hee'le tell a mans hearts secrets what he thinks,  
Like *Oedipus* vnfolde th'ambiguous *Sphinx*,  
With skill surpassing great *Albumazers*,  
He with intelligencing *Fiends* confers,  
And by his wondrous *Attacossicon*,  
Knowes the *Turkes* counsell, and what *Prefter Iohn*  
Determines, or what businesse now befalls.  
Amidst the conclaue of *Romes Cardinals*.  
He can release, or else encrease all harmes,  
About the necke or wrests by tying charmes.  
He hath a tricke to kill the *Agues* force,  
And make the patient better, or much worse,  
To the great toe three letters he can tye,  
Shall make the gowt to tarry or else flye.  
With two words and three leaues of foure leau'd  
He makes the tooth-ach, stay, repasse, or passe: (grasse  
If lost goods you againe would faine haue got,  
Goe but to him, and you shall speed, or not.  
But he will gaine whether you get or lose,  
He'le haue his fee, for so the bargain goes:  
He'le tell you wonders when you are alone,  
Of the *Philosophers* admired stone:  
And that it from *Etopia* first did come,  
Brought to him by a spirit, he sent to Rome,  
Whereby ('inrich the world he dares be bold)  
To turne pans, pots, and dipping pans to gold.  
And in the *Goldsmiths* burnisht glistring row,  
Place *Ironmongers* with a fairer show,  
Turne Spits and Andir'ns to bright mettle shining,  
that whe' coin's scarce you straight may put to coining  
These

*A brood of Cormorants.*

These and a thousand more, as idly vaine  
Foolles swallow, and he swallowes them againe,  
And though the marke of truth he neuer hits,  
Yet still this *Cormorant* doth liue by's wits,  
And ne're will want a false deuouring tricke,  
Till hels *Archcormorant* deuoure him quicke.



*A Corrupted Lawyer, and a  
knauish Vnderbriefe.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The soule of Commonwealths is in good lawes,  
Their execution makes a happy State,  
But where corruption opes his hungry Iawes;  
Where Lawyers doe encrease, not cease debate,  
Such Law wormes are the diuels dearest brood,  
Who make the common harme their priuate good.*

A Hall, a hall, the trampler are at hand,  
A shifting master, and as sweetly mand:  
His Buckrum bearer, one that knowes his ku,  
Can write, with one hand, and receiue with two.  
The trampler is in haste, O cleere the way,  
Takes fees with both hands cause he cannot stay,  
No matter where the cause be right or wrong,  
So he be payd for letting out his tongue.  
Me thinks that posie which the Painters score  
Vpon Inne posts, would fit this fellowes doore,  
Because he lets his conscience out for fee,  
That here's a tongue that's let at livery.  
This pettifogger, like a Lapland witch,  
Sels his winde deare, and so growes diuellish rich:  
Breath is his life, and deare he'll sell his breath,  
The more he wastes, the nearer is his death.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

To begger any man he will not straine  
His voice, except they pay him for his paine.  
He best doth fare where Clients fare the worse,  
And every meale hath first and second course,  
The dishes that come first vp to the messe,  
Are *braules* and *quarrels*, *strife*, *unquietnesse*,  
*Contentions*, *emulations*, and *debate*,  
These furnish forth his table in great state.  
And then for picking meat, or dainty bits,  
The second course is *actions*, *cases*, *writs* :  
Long *suits* from terme to terme, and *fines* and *fees*,  
At the last cast comes in for fruit and cheefe.  
The man of all men, most in art excel'd,  
That in *Great Britaine* would contention geld,  
And by that meanes could make a good preuention,  
*Contention* would beget no more *contention*.  
This *Lawyers* riches euer springs and bloomes,  
From sheeps coat, calues skin, russet hobnaild grooms,  
Perswading them that all things shall goe well,  
Sucks out the egge, leaves them the empty shell.  
He hath a sleight in spinning out a *cause*,  
Till all the money out of purse it draws,  
His clients with full budgets come to towne,  
But he takes order for their going downe,  
The full is now the *Lawyers*, theirs the wane,  
Like buckets turn'd to come vp full againe :  
With papers laden thinke themselves most firme,  
Carrie them downe, to bring them vp next terme,  
Horse, plow, and cattle goe to wracke, *split all*,  
Tis fit the stable waite vpon the *Hall*. (quils,  
Their sheepe the parchment beares, their geese the  
Which turnes their state as this bad Lawyer wils.  
Their *shirts* the paper makes, their *Bees* the wax,  
T'vndoe themselves that good discretion lacks,

These

*A brood of Cormorants.*

These men like geese against themselves doe things,  
In plucking quill from their owne foolish wings,  
This Lawyer makes his dang'rous shafts withball,  
And shootes them at the fowles from whence they  
The Commonwealths *impostum* he doth cut, (tall.  
And the corruption in his purse doth put.  
One giues him for a bribe, a brawne or swine,  
And that's drown'd with anothers But of wine,  
One giues a Coach all deckt and painted gay,  
Anothers horses drawes it quite away.  
One giues a *larre* of Oyle to scape the foile,  
An Oxe or 'eturnes the *larre*, and spils the Oyle.  
And thus like *Pharaohs* Kine, he hath the power,  
To make the fattest bribes the leane deuoure.  
His motions moue commotions, and his suites  
Foure times a yeare doe termely yeeld him fruits.  
Foure sundry wayes a kingdomes *Lampes* are vs'd,  
By two maintained, and by two abut'd:  
Good *Lawyers* liue by *Law*, and tis most fit,  
Good men obey the *Law*, liue vnder it.  
Bad *Lawyers* (for their gaine) doe wrest the *Law*,  
Bad men of God or mans *Law* haue no awe.  
But whether these men vse *Law* well or ill,  
Th'intention of the *Law* is honest still.  
For as the text is rent, and torne, and varied,  
And by opinions from the sense is carried  
By ignorant and wilfull Hereticks,  
Or impure separating Scismaticks,  
Though from the truth of text all men should seuer,  
The text is permanent and sacred euer.  
Euen to the *Law* is in it selte vpright,  
Correcting and protecting, *wrong* and *right* :  
Tis no iust *Lawyers*, or the lawes defame,  
Although some hounds of hell abuse the same.

*A brood of Cormorants.*

This *Cormorant* I meane, gulps whom he list,  
And hauing swallow'd fees into his fist,  
Defers the motion till the Court withdrawes,  
Then to the cushions pleads the poore mans cause,  
As formally as if the Iudges fate,  
No matter for the man, the money's gat.  
My *Cormorant* was neuer match'd till now,  
If I sayd o're match'd, Ile resolue you how,  
And you that reade it shall confesse it true,  
Perhaps it is a thing well knowne to you,  
Where Corm'rants haunts, numbers of fish grow lesse,  
But where bad Lawyers come, there brawles encrease.  
Now master *Vndershrieve* I vnderstand,  
You bring my *Lawyers* worke vnto his hand,  
You bring him stuffe, he like a Taylor cuts it.  
And into any shape he pleaseth puts it.  
Though to the Client it appeare slight stuffe,  
It shall outlast him any sute of Buffe:  
For though from tearme to tearme it be worne long,  
Tis drest still with the teazle of the tongue,  
That (though it be old) at euery day of hearing,  
It lookes fresh, as't had neuer come to wearing.  
And though it seeme as th'owner neuer wore it,  
A broker will not giue him three pence for it.  
Sweet master Shrieue, let it not grieue your minde,  
You being the last o' th broode, come last behinde,  
No doubt you might be first in a bad case,  
But being call'd *vnder*, I make this your place.  
I know where ere you stand, you are so good,  
You'll scorne to be vnlike one of the brood,  
And take't in dudgeon (as you might no doubt)  
If'mongst this ranke of Corm'rants you were out.  
I haue a warrant here for what I doe,  
Plaine truth it selfe, and that haue seldome you.

Some

*A brood of Cormorants.*

Some of your tribe a man may honest call,  
But those my *Corm'rant* meddles not withall.  
You that dare fright men of a shallow wit,  
Who cannot reade when there is nothing writ:  
And can returne (when you are pleas'd to saue)  
A *Non inuentus* for a bribing knaue.  
For one that stands Indebted to the King  
A *Nihil habet*, if his purse can ring.  
When a poore man shall haue his Bullockes ceaz'd,  
And priz'd at little, to make you appeaz'd  
You haue the art and skill to raze words out  
Of *Writs* and *Warrants*, to bring gaine about.  
I will not serue you so, for if you looke,  
Your name stands fairely printed in my booke,  
For euery one to reade, how you can straine  
On widowes goods, and restore none againe.  
Picke Iuries for your purpose, which is worse  
Then if you pick'd the wronged *plantiffes* purse:  
Returne your *Writs* to your aduantage best,  
Bring in some money, and drab out the rest.  
Leauing (oft times) the high Shrieue in the lurch,  
VWho stops the bounty should repayre the Church,  
Or buy some bells to sound forth his deuotion.  
If eyther ayre, or earth, or the wide ocean  
Can shew worse *Cormorants*, or any brooke,  
I'le neuer aske a penny for my Booke.

EPILOGVE.

NOW Reader, tell me (if thou well canst iudge)  
If any honest man haue cause to grudge  
At these my Satyres, being plaine and true,  
Giuing the world and the diuell their due.  
I haue but bluntly call'd a spade a spade,  
And he that winceth shewes himselfe a iade.  
Be quiet, see thy faults, and learne t'amend,  
Thou shew'st thy guiltinesse if thou contend.

F I N I S.